Principal Vocal Performers.

VULCAN,	Mr. Dighton,
MERCURY,	Mr. Harriſon,
APOLLO,	Mr. Lewis,
And JUPITER,	Mr. Wordſworth.
PANDORA,	Mrs. Gray,
VENUS,	Mrs. Illingworth,
MINERVA,	Miſs Daniel,
JUNO,	Miſs Burnett,
And HOPE,	Mrs. Perry.

Principal Active Performers.

HARLEQUIN,	Mr. Boyce,
DISCORD,	Mr. Bologna. Junr.
DORUS,	Sig. Bologna,
COLIN, *(Son to Dorus)*	Monſ. Boiſmaſon,
BLACKLEGS,	Mr. Redige,
DESPAIR,	Monſ. Fialon,
TIME,	Mr. Doctor,
And CLOWN, *(with a ſong)*	Mr. Dubois.
DORCAS, *(Mother to Sylvia)*	Mr. Smith,
And SYLVIA,	Mrs. Parker.

Cyclops—Evils,—Virtues—Vices—Deſtinies—Hours, &c.
With a Variety of Comic Characters.

Songs, Recitatives, Choruſes, &c.

IN

PANDORA's BOX.

SCENE, VULCAN'S CAVE.

Chorus of Cyclops.

THUS we work like jovial fellows,
Drink and ſing, and blow the bellows,
When hiſſing ſparks around us fly,
And lips are parch'd and throats are dry,
Then, then's the time to wet your eye,
And blow, blow the bellows.

Recitative accompanied—VULCAN.

Cyclops, now your toils give o'er,
Vulcan's art can do no more,
There behold a Phœnix rare;
So neatly done,
The Gods alone
Can finiſh what's unfiniſh'd there.

MERCURY.

Tout apropos, the Gods attend you,
With full commiſſion to befriend you;
At Jove's command we poſt it hither,
To club our friendly gifts together.—
See mighty Jove himſelf, Pandora, now
Attend, and learn what taſk is meant for you.

Song—PANDORA.

Godlike bounty thus poſſeſſing,
Happy fav'rite of the ſky!
How ſhall I receive the bleſſing,
How the new-born hours employ?
Grateful thus I bend before you,
Proud to try my infant ſkill,
Say, command, and glad Pandora
Flies to execute your will.

Recitative—JUPITER.

Riſe, thou fair form of this my ſon's creation,
Whom we have deign'd t'indulge with animation,
Know thus our pleaſure, [*Pointing to the Box*]
here direct thy care,
And this gay miſchief to it's purpoſe bear,
A train of living plagues ſhall thence ariſe,
To vex mankind and ſpoil their future joys;
For ſince baſe mortal ſkill contends with Jove,
And pilfers fire celeſtial from above,
The vain, aſpiring rebels ſoon ſhall know,
What evils angry Jove can ſend below:
Haſte thee, endow'd with every female pow'r,
And uſe all arts to make my vengeance ſure.

Song—JUPITER.

Swarming evils there confined,
Shall ſoon break forth to plague mankind;
Haggard envy, gaudy Pride,
Theft, with Murder by his ſide;
Diſcontent, with visage blue,
Dark Deceit, of blacker hue;
Avarice, with ſcowling eye,
Paſſion, Luſt, and Jealouſy;
So ſhall mortals quickly prove,
Juſtice ever dwells with Jove;
So ſhall Folly's children know—
Ills which from their follies flow.

Chorus.

Haſte, Pandora, haſte and prove
The juſt revenge of angry Jove;
Haſte, Pandora, haſte and ſhew
What ills from indiſcretion flow.

SCENE, AN ARCADIAN GROVE.

Recitative—PANDORA.

'Tis done! the direful taſk is done,
And Jove's dread vengeance is begun:
[*Addreſſes herſelf to Harlequin*]
Imp of miſchief, fun, and play,
Motly ſprite, a moment ſtay;
Thou leſs baneful than the reſt,
Hear a timid maid's requeſt;

Mighty Jove, in angry hour,
O'er weak mortals gave thee pow'r;
Yet, in pity to mankind,
Let ſuff'ring virtue favour find:
Thy frolic powers thus directed,
Virtue thus by thee protected,
Hope ſhall tend thy ſteps on earth,
And time lead on to peace and mirth.

[*Hope riſes out of the Box*]

Duett—PANDORA and HOPE.

Hope. Imp of miſchief, fun and play,
Motley ſprite, away, away
On Folly's children wait;
Where ſober Wiſdom keeps aloof,
There put thy talents to the proof;
Time will aſſiſt thee ſoon or late,
Such is the will of Fate.

Pand. Still be it thy peculiar care,
To guard the virtuous virgin fair,
And harraſs thoſe they hate;
Where aught but love dictates the match,
There miſchief's ſly occaſion watch,
Time will aſſiſt, &c.

Both. Should Fancy lead thy mind to prove
The purer joys of wedded love,
Or take a mortal mate;
Be guided firſt by Reaſon's voice,
Then ſpite of foes, aſſert thy choice,
Time will aſſiſt, &c.

A SCENE IN HOLLAND.

Song—CLOWN as a FISHERMAN.

Of all what ſtrive to live and to trive,
And by cunning to over-reach men,
Whether trade bin deed, or trade bin alive,
De beſt trade of all be a Dutchman;
De world he fiſh what he can get,
But, all bin fiſh in the Dutchman's net;
Ik ben liderlyck, du biſt liderlyck,
Snick ſnack liderlyck a ly—te.

We trade wid the Yankey, we deal wid the Scot,
And cheaten de tain and de tiether,
We cheaten de Jew, aye and better dan dat,
We cheaten well ein aniether,
And at Amſterdam, when hy com dere,
We cheaten de de devil, dat's all fair;
Ik ben liderlyck, &c.

Mynheer can drinkt, for drunk by chaunce,
Mynheer by chaunce can caiper,
But ik never take mine Frow to daunce,
Till ſomedody pay de pieper;
And when een koopman hold his haund,
I puff mine pipe, and I nicht ferſteun;
Ik ben liderlyck, &c.

De ſtranger comt for de fiſh dat's nice,
And he looken as ſharp as donder,
I praiſe mine goods, and I take mine price,
And I ſells him ſtinking flounder;
Den he call dief, and I ſay yaw,
Wid mine haund to de gelt comme ſa!
Ik ben liberlyck, &c.

SCENE. THE CAVE OF REFLECTION.

Recitative—HOPE.

Chear! chear, ye raſh mortals, not yield to deſpair,
That bane of reflection henceforward beware:
To the Temple of Deſtiny let us repair,
And Time ſhall conduct you to happineſs there.

SCENE. THE TEMPLE OF DESTINY.

DESTINY.

The power of evil now is fully tried,
The angry Gods at length are ſatisfied,
And mighty Jove, relenting, thus decrees,
That out of evil, good ſhall flow,
That Hope ſhall ever dwell below,
That Vice alone ſhall torment know,
And Virtue ſmile in hours of endleſs eaſe.

HOPE.

Ye ſwift-footed hours around happineſs dance,
And ſeaſon the banquet of love,
Where led on by Time all the virtues advance,
To aid the juſt fiat of Jove.

Chorus. Ye ſwift-footed hours, &c.

PANDORA.

Tho' the Box of Pandora brought miſchief on earth,
She has happily ſoftened its power,
And Hope ſhall invite you to muſic and mirth,
In Beauty's terreſtrial bower.

Chorus. Tho' the Box of Pandora, &c.